

MARTINSBURG GAZETTE.

BY EDWARD P. HUNTER,

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MEDICINES.

TO MOTHERS AND NURSES.
DR. W. EVANS' SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING, PREPARED BY HIMSELF. The passage of the Teeth through the gums produces troublesome and dangerous symptoms. It is known by mothers that there is great irritation in the mouth and gums during this process. The gums swell, the secretion of saliva is increased, the child is seized with frequent and sudden fits of crying, watching, starting in the sleep, and spasms of peculiar parts; the child shrinks with excessive violence, and thrusts its fingers into its mouth. If these precursory symptoms are not speedily alleviated, spasmodic convulsions universally supervene, and soon cause the dissolution of the infant. If mothers who have their little babies afflicted with these distressing symptoms, would apply Dr. W. Evans' Celebrated Soothing Syrup, which has preserved hundreds of infants when thought past recovery, from being suddenly attacked with that fatal malady, convulsions. For sale in Martinsburg by October 24, 1838. WM. DORSEY, Agent.

A real blessing to Mothers.
DR. W. EVANS' CELEBRATED SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN CUTTING THEIR TEETH. This infallible remedy has preserved hundreds of children, when thought past recovery, from convulsions. As soon as the Syrup is rubbed on the gums, the child will recover. This preparation is so innocent, so efficacious, and so pleasant, that no child will refuse to let its gums be rubbed with it. When infants are at the age of four months, though there is no appearance of teeth, one bottle of the Syrup should be used on the gums, to open a wonderful channel, and prevent the great benefit of the Syrup in the nursery where there are young children; for if a child wakes in the night with pain in the gums the Syrup immediately gives ease by opening the pores and healing the gums; thereby preventing convulsions, Fevers, &c. Sold at Dr. W. Evans' Office, 100 Chatham street, N. Y. For sale by WM. DORSEY, Druggist, Martinsburg, Oct. 31, 1838. Agent.

Proof positive of the efficacy of Dr. Evans' Soothing Syrup. Dear Sir, I am a great benefactor to my suffering infant by your Soothing Syrup, in a case of protracted and painful dentition, must convince every feeling parent how essential an early application of such an invaluable medicine is to the infant. My child, a female, aged 18 months, was teething, experienced such acute suffering, that it was attacked with convulsions, and my wife and family supposed that death would soon release the babe from anguish. I then procured a bottle of your Syrup; which as soon as applied to the gums, a wonderful change was produced. After a few applications the child displayed obvious relief, and by continuing in its use. I am glad to inform you, the child has completely recovered and no recurrence of that awful complaint has since occurred; the teeth are coming daily and the child enjoys perfect health. I give you this testimonial, and I make this acknowledgment public, and will gladly give any information on this circumstance.

WM. JOHNSON.
A gentleman who has made trial of Dr. W. Evans' Soothing Syrup, in his family, (in a case of a teething child,) writes, "I found it to be an extremely effective in relieving pain in the gums, and preventing the consequences which sometimes follow. We cheerfully comply with his request."—N. York Sun.

We believe it is generally acknowledged by those who have tried it, that the Soothing Syrup for Children Cutting Teeth, advertised in another column, is a highly useful article for the purposes for which it is intended. Highly respectable persons, at any rate, who have made use of it, do not hesitate to give its virtues the sanction of their names.—Boston Traveller.

A severe case of Teething with Summer Complaints, cured by the infallible American Soothing Syrup of Dr. W. Evans.—Mrs. McPherson, residing at No. 8, Madison street, called a few days since at the medical office of Dr. W. Evans, 100 Chatham street, N. Y., and purchased a bottle of the Syrup for her child, who was suffering excruciating pain during the process of dentition, being momentarily threatened with convulsions, its bowels too were exceedingly loose, and no food could be retained on the stomach. After immediately using the application, the alarming symptoms entirely ceased, and by continuing the use of the Syrup on the gums, the bowels in a short time became quite natural. As a tribute of gratitude for the benefit afforded the mother, she came to the office, and tenderly kissed the child, and expressed her gratitude. The child is now perfectly healthy. The remedy has restored thousands of children when on the verge of the grave, to the embraces again of their distressed parents, attacked with that awful and moribund malady—Convulsions.

IMPORTANT TO MOTHERS.—Children generally suffer much from cutting their teeth. Whatever dangerous or fatal symptoms attend this process of nature, they are produced invariably from the highly irritated and inflamed condition of the parts—therefore the principal indications of cure are to abate the inflammation, and to open the pores, and relax the system. Dr. W. Evans' Soothing Syrup, which is so highly recommended, is a most valuable remedy. The infant is preserved from subsequent fever, inflammation, spasmodic cough, twitching of tendons, croup, canker, and convulsions, displaying their fatal consequences. If mothers, nurses, or guardians have their babies tormented with pain and convulsions, and this notice attracts their attention, they should not be deterred from purchasing a bottle of EVANS' SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething, the incomparable virtue of which is completely relieving the most distressing cases (when applied to the infant's gums as directed). It is invaluable. The remedy has restored thousands of children when on the verge of the grave, to the embraces again of their distressed parents, attacked with that awful and moribund malady—Convulsions.

EFFICACY OF DR. EVANS' PILLS.

Another recent test of the unrivaled virtue of Dr. Wm. Evans' Medicines.—**Dyspepsia, ten years' standing.**—Mr. J. McKenzie, 176 Stanton street, was afflicted with the above complaint for ten years, which incapacitated him at intervals, for the period of six years, to attend to his business, and to pursue his usual avocations. He was cured by the salutary treatment Dr. Wm. Evans' gave him. The principal symptoms were—A sense of distention and oppression after eating, distressing pain in the pit of the stomach, nausea, impaired appetite, giddiness, palpitation of the heart, great debility, and emaciation, depression of spirits, disturbed rest, sometimes a bilious vomiting and pain in the right side, an extreme degree of languor and faintness, any endeavor to pursue his business, causing immediate exhaustion and weariness.

Mr. McKenzie is daily attending to his business, and none of the above symptoms have returned since he used the medicine. He is now a strong and healthy man.

He resorted to a variety of remedies, but they were all ineffectual. He was willing to give any information to the afflicted respecting the inestimable benefit rendered to him by the use of Dr. Wm. Evans' medicine.

Asthma, three years' standing.—Mr. Robert Monroe, Schuylkill, afflicted with the above distressing malady, attended by the above distressing symptoms, disturbed rest, nervous headache, difficulty of breathing, tightness and stricture across the breast, dizziness, nervous irritability, suffocation, palpitation of the heart, distressing cough, costiveness, pain in the stomach, drowsiness, great debility, and emaciation, depression of spirits, disturbed rest, sometimes a bilious vomiting and pain in the right side, an extreme degree of languor and faintness, any endeavor to pursue his business, causing immediate exhaustion and weariness.

Mr. Monroe is daily attending to his business, and none of the above symptoms have returned since he used the medicine. He is now a strong and healthy man.

A case of Tio Dolore.—Mrs. J. E. Johnson, wife of Capt. John Johnson, of Lynn, Mass., was severely afflicted for ten years with Tio Dolore, violent pain in her head, and coming with burning heat in the stomach, and unable to leave her room. She could find no relief from the advice of several physicians, nor from medicines of any kind, until after she had commenced using Dr. Wm. Evans' medicine, of 100 Chatham street, and from that time she began to amend, and finally she continued the medicine a few days longer, will be perfectly cured. Reference can be had as to the truth of the above, by calling at Mrs. Johnson's daughter's Store, 389 Grand street, N. Y.

MISCELLANY.

THE ROYAL PROFESSOR.

(Concluded.)

Halloween is a time of festivity, fun, and frolic, of cake making and nut cracking. In 1800 it was a more joyous season than it is now—for modern refinement has either obliterated or lessened the good old customs of our forefathers. The inhabitants of the village of Bloomingville could not be without their share of sport; and there was to be a merry-making—will you believe it, reader?—at aunt Margarette's. Yes, that sparing stinging housewife, after great importunity from her niece, had resolved to give a feast to others, though she should fast herself afterwards sufficiently to make it up. Yet a part of the guests, at least, were not to go scot-free, for the old lady contemplated on making them sew to the amount of the entertainment; so a quilting was determined upon—that best of merry-makings of the old time.

"Why, Clara," said aunt Margarette, entering the room, "you astonish me! not dressed yet! why, really, now, Clara, with your milk of roses, your co-log-ne, your pearl-powder, you'll take up half of the evening at your toilet, as you call it—and a toil you make of it now to be sure. I wish you would stir yourself and get ready. You know I must be in the kitchen at the cake, and no one will be ready to receive the *gals* as they comes in. Besides, I want you to mark out the diamonds of the quilt before they come, that as little time as possible may be lost. I dare say, with their giggling and laughing they'll not do much, no how. Come, child, haste."

"Yes, aunt," said Clara, "I am in haste; but we are to have the gentlemen, you know, and I want to be a little particular."

"Yes, that's well enough," says her aunt, "but I don't think you need be very particular, for I can tell you the Professor is over head and ears in love already."

"Well, aunt," said Clara, with a laugh, "that is not very deep, to be over the ears of such a duck-legged mannikin."

"But he is in love very deep," resumed aunt Margarette, "and let me tell you, Clara! he is an Englishman! and hates the French and all their fooleries, as much as I do myself—he'll like you none the better for being powdered and perfumed over. Confound that French woman, for turning your head with such nonsense."

Her niece was irritated at the disrespectful language used respecting one to whom she owed so much, and replied readily—

"Suppose I was to tell you, aunt! that I am an American, and hate the English and all their fooleries?" and the arch little maid, with a roguish smile continued to twirl the long golden tresses through her fingers, while her graceful neck assumed every variety of attitude as she studied her looks in the old-fashioned mirror that rested on the bureau, by the side of which she was sitting. Aunt Margarette's countenance, which was cheerful, became serious. She could not tell whether her niece was in earnest or in jest. A cloud began to rise upon her brow—the precursor of a storm—and a storm with aunt Margarette was no small affair. It was a real hurricane—a tornado of passion.—She informed her niece that the Professor contemplated making a formal tender of his hand to her; and then opening the bureau, she showed Clara a large amount of gold in a secret drawer, and informed her, that the reception of that, at her death, depended upon her listening to the addresses of Professor Hardigan. Of all rhetoric the silent eloquence of cash is most persuasive. Yet Clara had a head and a heart on which nature had stamped freedom—she was not to be moved by aunt Margarette's gold. A smile at her aunt's earnestness, and a laugh at the Professor's expense, tended to excite our irritable dame of the black silk hood.—Clara was sarcastic—her aunt became abusive. I will not repeat what passed.—Suffice it to say, that aunt Margarette was furious, and gave unrestrained vent to her madness in "thoughts that breath and words that burn." She attributed all the mischief to the airs which that "vile French woman" had put into her niece's head and seizing up the paraphernalia of the toilet, cosmetics, perfumes, &c. &c., hurled them over the house.—Never was a room scented better with cologne or a young lady whitened with powder.

How great is a calm after a storm.—Aunt Margarette sat in the room with a countenance brightened with cheerfulness, enjoying the conversation of the evening. Only one thing was wanting to make her happiness complete—the presence of her countryman, Mr. Hardigan. Ever and anon she went to the window to look out for his advent. She desired his coming ardently, for she thought Dr. Grayson appeared to engross too much of Clara's conversation. Herman Lincoln thought so too, and so did many of the rustic beaux who were assembled on the occasion.—Presently the sound of footsteps was heard along the rude pavement, like the roll of a drum, and the royal Professor was desecrated moving, puffing and blowing like a steamboat. That he was a man of great impetuosity might be gathered even from his walk.

He came driving on at a tremendous rate, and as he entered the door with vehemence, and was about taking, aunt Margarette's extended hand, the toe of his boot stuck in the carpet, and his head

drove against the ribs of the old lady with the force of a battering ram, knocking her against the door.

Clara said something to Dr. Grayson about "polite perfumings and genuflections" which caused a titter. "Plague take the fellow's head," said a rustic to the tavern-keeper's daughter, "he nearly knocked daddy's brains out the other night, at the school-house." Here was a general burst of laughter.

When the Professor entered the room he was the observed of all observers.—Reader! would you see him? Well, then, fancy to yourself a low, square built man, five feet high and six feet thick, cased in grey stockings, black breeches that fitted as tight as the skin, and an old claret-colored coat, dotted over with metal buttons as large as a crownpiece. But you would hear of the features. I will particularize. The head was large enough to have suited a statue of an Atlas, and was covered over with long, bushy hair of the deepest red. The brow was low and wrinkled, and—strange to say!—had nothing philosophical about it. The mouth had an expression of openness, say three inches and a half. The eyes were large and protruded, between a blue and a green, and had the appearance of inflammation which generally is the effect of nocturnal lubrication. But the most prominent feature has not yet been described. His nose—Shade of Ovid! Naso! behold yourself surpassed!—his nose, I say, from the plain of the plainest face in Christendom, towered up, like Mount Atna, huge and undulating, and like Mount Atna, red and fiery at the apex. And, what is unusual, his nose bore a conspicuous part in conversation, for it warred with his animation, and by sundry twitches and gestures seemed to second the force of his arguments. Such were the figures and features of Professor Hardigan, as they appeared to Dr. Grayson, who was a caricaturist, and to Herman Lincoln, who was a jealous man. They may possibly be a little overstrained.

The Professor had been peripatetically engaged, as he classically expressed it.—It was one of those very warm evenings which will sometimes happen in Indian summer, and exercise had heated him. He felt oppressed, and scarcely had he taken his seat between Clara and Dr. Grayson, and found time, after his introduction, to inquire of the latter at what college he had graduated, when he so far forgot the properties of courtly etiquette, which he professed to teach others, as to pull off his claret-colored coat and throw it upon the bed which stood in one corner of the room. Such strange conduct excited surprise; but a smile was on the countenance of every one as they glanced from their needles to the coat that was spread out on the counterpane—forming a circle, or rather an oblate spheroid; for it was broader than it was long. Clara was provoked at the disrespect which the Professor had shown, and looking first at the coat and then at its owner's nose, apparently entering into the conversation which had been started, asked the Professor if he had not graduated at Brazen-Nose College. The roar of laughter was now immoderate, and all joined in to except Clara and the person interrogated; for, not perceiving that anything was intended, he proceeded regularly to give the history of his collegiate course. This gave her an opportunity of drawing him out in conversation, which she gladly improved, while Dr. Grayson, who sat by listening to their conversation, kept thrusting his red pocket-handkerchief into his mouth until it had nearly disappeared. Strange conduct, indeed! Was it done to prevent his laughing?

During a conversation on *caloric*, in which Dr. Grayson incidentally mentioned the fact, that dark bodies radiate heat more rapidly than light ones, Clara asked the Professor if he suffered much from cold hands in winter—glancing at the same time at the clasped hands of the Cyclops, as he sat twirling his dingy and begrimed thumbs. Finding *caloric* rather a warm subject he passed speedily to some remarks on electricity, but he was met here again by the mischievous little wit, who, when he had observed that the electric shock is generally felt in the weakest part of the body, presumed that he had been accustomed to feel the sensation in his head.

The young ladies and gentlemen were all attention, though they could seldom comprehend either question or answer.—One reply, however, which the Professor made, they readily understood. While he was speaking of astronomy, Clara interrupted him to know what was meant by an *apside* of the moon. The *apside* of the moon, did you ask? Why the upper *orn*, child! to be sure. They had become familiar with his swallowing the latter *h*, and readily received *orn* for horn, as it was intended. After a long dissertation on demonology the Professor related some freaks of witches, in which he implicitly. During his essay, the tavern-keeper's daughter, amazed at his display of learning, whispered Clara to ask the Philosopher if he knew where the philosopher's stone was to be found. "In the philosopher's head instead of brains," she returned, in a low voice. Dr. Grayson caught the remark; his head shook as with a palsy, and he appeared eating his bandanna as before. Mr. Hardigan now commenced Mythology and History. In the former he made occasionally some slight errors, merely of numbers, such as the seven Fates, the nine Graces, the three Muses, &c. Roman history he inflected next, from the time that Romulus called on Jupiter Stator to arrest the flight of the Romans *ad finem*. Jupiter Stator, by the

bye, was a favorite deity, for all his exclamations were made to him.

After he had proceeded for some time, he made mention of the "wolf Nero," as he was pleased to call him, and in his remarks attributed to him some actions that belonged to Enas. How he bore from Troy, which he had set on fire out of pure wickedness, his aged father Anchises, and the like. Clara fixed her bright, piercing eye on the Professor's face—paused, and then begged to know in what he had read the wonderful account. "In the *hannals* of Tacitus, the Latin historian," Clara unlocked a little drawer, and put Tacitus into his hands. Professor Hardigan was surprised—Dr. Grayson laughed.—Herman Lincoln straightened himself up in his chair, where jealousy had been transforming him to a statue, to prove that he had not become all stone—the girls stuck their needles in the quilt and looked on, wondering what was to be done next.—Clara evinced no emotion, but patiently awaited the result of the Professor's investigation. Professor Hardigan was in a quandary. He thumbed the leaves carefully, and then with triumph pointed to the passages, on a page where the name of Nero stood conspicuous. Clara begged a translation of the part. He regarded the expressive countenance of the girl cautiously, and then began—by seeing symptoms of an irrepressible laugh on her lips, conjectured that Clara had some knowledge of Latin, and was not to be humbugged. So he ceased translating, and acknowledged that he had made a mistake, and that the actions of the "savage" "wolf Nero," could not be found in the "hannals" of Tacitus. Aunt Margarette was hurt for her countryman, and endeavored to assist him. She trotted away into another room—and returning, said to him, "If the wolf Nero could not be found among the 'hannals' of Tacitus, may be you'll find him among the 'hannals' of Goldsmith;" and so saying, she threw into his lap Goldsmith's *Animated Nature*.

He was silent, and continued to look at the pictures. At length he closed the book, repeating some lines from his favorite poet, Ovid—probably his ancestor, which had come over his mind like inspiration. Clara went to her drawer, and a copy of Ovid was soon in the hands of Professor Hardigan. "It was a *mere lapsus lingue*—he meant to say Virgil," Clara handed him Virgil, desiring to be favored with a sight of the passage.—"How could he blunder so!—It was Persius," Persius was offered to him. "No! No! Jupiter Stator!—What made his senses fly from him!—It was Theocritus." Clara's hand dropped into the drawer for another book. Professor Hardigan mounted up from his chair horrified—a chill had seized him—he ran to the bed. His Herculean shoulders were encased in his old-claret coat, and he would have been off instantly, had not aunt Margarette just come in to announce tea, and forcibly detained him. Clara had subjected the pretensions of the royal Professor to a fiery ordeal. In the course of the evening, without perceiving it, she had drawn him out upon all the branches set forth in his card, (with the exception of one), and proved him to be a royal blockhead and impostor, much to the amusement of Dr. Grayson, and the relief of her lover.

The girls had plied their needles faithfully. Their labors were unremitting—not even the laying out of a diamond occurring to break the monotony—for all the quilt was laid out when they came.—They were pleased with the relaxation offered now from work, and, together with the beaux, followed aunt Margarette to tea. The quilt was nearly finished.—Aunt Margarette's expectations were so surprised by their despatch, that she felt an unusual expansion of heart, and did the service of the table in the most hospitable manner, and with as much grace as could be expected. The "tea" was not like the tea of modern times, but was a substantial feast of roasted, boiled, and fried—light-bread—cakes, various as those made by the epicure Apicius, and pies.

There is much philosophy in eating. It diffuses a calm over the feelings—the melancholy man forgets his sorrows—the angry man his ire, as the process of mastication goes briskly on. It was thus with Professor Hardigan and Herman Lincoln. You will recollect, reader! that I said Clara had had an exhibition of the Professor's skill in all the branches which he professed, with the exception of one. That one was the science of "dentology;" and, do the man justice, I will say that he understood the use of teeth as well as any man living. As plates of cakes disappeared before him, and spare-ribs and whole broiled partridges were crunched beneath his teeth, Clara had before her, barring the two eyes the Polyphemus of Homer preying upon the bodies of Ulysses' companions. In fact, she looked upon him as the only type of that "monstrum horrendum" which she had ever seen. After disposing of some half-a-dozen cups of tea, with a proportional quantity of meat and bread-stuff, he gave a final proof of his skill in performing that most difficult of mathematical problems, the quadrature of the circle, by taking a quarter section of a pumpkin-pie, about eighteen inches in diameter.

Herman's jealousy during the evening had been put to rest pretty much, so far as the Professor was concerned;—but Dr. Grayson excited his fears. He was very attentive to Clara—their understanding appeared to be good; and their whispering together sometimes, convinced him that she had merely thrown aside one

of his rivals to take up another. However, he soon experienced relief, at least for the present—for the young Esculapius had a professional visit to make, which compelled him to tear himself away from the company. That Dr. Grayson should have a professional visit to make, was something wonderful! Herman had now an opportunity to enjoy Clara's company, and came to the conclusion that she had not entirely forgotten him. I will not describe to my readers the rustic games with nuts, the naming of apples, and other innocent trifling of the evening. They have all seen and taken part in the like. The cheer was good—all were delighted, and the company broke up at a late hour; the beaux waiting on the young ladies to their respective homes.

But it was Halloween, and more was to be done before sleeping; and it was therefore resolved that the gentlemen, according to the good old custom, should try their sweethearts by dipping the right sleeve of their shirts in south-running water, and then placing them by the fire, see or dream what lady was to come and turn them. But where was there a south-running stream? No such stream could be found, except one that burst out, in a long subterranean cavern, near the village. A beautiful spot it was—fit residence for a *naid*—two apartments, with sides and ceiling of moss-grown rock, with a narrow opening like a door, connecting them. But Professor Hardigan did not like to study its geology by night—much less on Halloween—the holy-day of witches and warlocks. Nevertheless, so much had Clara interested him, notwithstanding her quizzing him, that he determined to perform the ablution, if another would only enter and do so before him.

Some thirty yards from the mouth of the cavern, they stood debating who should enter first. At length one volunteered; and, leaving the band of his comrades, boldly entered the cavern and returned, having performed the ablution. The Professor's courage was now put to test; and, in truth, he proceeded valiantly, that he might not be outdone by his predecessor. He entered the cave with his imagination filled with witches, and continued his walk, cautiously feeling his way along the rocky sides, towards the spot where he heard the gurgling of the waters. At length he reached them, and had stooped down to perform the rite, when he heard the rattling of chains; and, on looking up, saw in the passage between the caverns, a horrid looking fiend, robed in a mantle of fire, with eyes lambent with flame, and blazing horns! During the "reign of terror," within the cavern, there was terror without: for a most unearthly looking being passed by the group that the Professor had left, striking fear into the hearts of the most hardy. Mortal it could not be!—Witch it might have been, had it been bestriding a broom, or had it glided noiselessly by. But its tread was like the footfall of a giant, with the clank of the heaviest clogs that ever shod the foot of an Irishwoman.

Professor Hardigan was spell-bound in the cavern;—but, recovering his strength, he rushed from the dread being, who rattled his chains, and came driving on to poke him through with his long horns; but, in running from one fiend, he encountered another more frightful, at the mouth of the cave, for it addressed him—"Och! Herry Hardigan! ye rogue ye! Is it firm your wife and three children ye herry rin away, to try swat-hearts in Imericia? Och! herry! but I'll see ye herry yit! Shame on ye! I'll see ye!" but Herry Hardigan heard no more, for he had reached the open air, and was running with a speed which Jupiter Stator himself could not have arrested. Need I inform my readers that Dr. Grayson had paid a professional visit to—the cavern, covered over with a luminous coat of olive oil, and phosphorus, and a respectable pair of horns, to personate his Satanic majesty; and that the wife of Professor Hardigan had come over from England to claim her rightful lord, who had absconded from her bed and board.

The village of Bloomingville had lost its brightest ornament—for their philosopher, astronomer, and Professor, had been camped, and was never heard of after. Parents were taken in, for they had paid in advance for a quarter, only part of which had been put in. The landlord had received nothing as yet for board, but he considered himself safe, as the Professor's apparatus would more than pay his demand. Accordingly, he levied on his telescope, his chest of philosophical instruments, and the box of instruments from Albany. The telescope was not of great value—for it was a plain one, of easy construction, being the handle of an old warming-pan, with glasses neither convex nor concave, but plano on both sides, such as is generally used in windows. The chest contained jugs—the box, kegs. These jugs and kegs had contained brandy, but now contained—nothing. Never had so great a rig been played upon a humbugged people, as the royal Professor had played.

But what became of Herman Lincoln? "The course of true love never did run smooth." Its termination, however, does sometimes. Will you believe it, reader?—there was another company at Aunt Margarette's, and Clara Lawson dressed in white, with Herman Lincoln at her side, stood in the middle of the floor—a minister before them, and the villagers gathered round in a circle; and they, whom rivalry and fears had separated, "became one flesh," to be disjoined no

more. The morning after the wedding, Aunt Margarette felt sorry that she had destroyed the neat little box which Madame Letour had presented to her niece, although it did contain French perfumery. It would have been some little ornament to the bridal-bed-chamber, which was very plain. But her regrets could not re-unite the disrupted fragments of the box.—She therefore did what she could to repair the matter, and presented her niece with an old-fashioned box that had belonged to her grand-mother. This box was valuable, because it was a relic of antiquity; but more so, because it contained five hundred guineas.

Herman Lincoln obtained his school;—and the villagers, to repay him for the injustice which they had done him, gave him a greater patronage than ever. He taught English by day, and studied Latin at night, under Clara. "Tis sweet to be schooled by female lips," says Byron. So thought Herman. His proficiency was astonishing—he soon became a perfect linguist;—and a neat two-story brick building, with tall spire and bell, occupied the place of the old white log school-house, and the pure Greek and Latin were at length heard within its classic shades.

The village of Bloomingville increased in size—in intelligence and population. Dr. Grayson became an eminent practitioner of medicine as well as jokes, and was ever the family physician of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, and all the young Lincolns. Clara attended to her domestic duties like a faithful housewife, yet found time occasionally to write a poem or essay, which, in gratitude for the five hundred guineas, she always dedicated to "My Dear Aunt, Miss Margarette Lawson." Aunt Margarette, notwithstanding the abatement of some of her anti-American prejudices, was still an Englishwoman;—and, as she turned up her nose at all American Magazines, sent all her niece's productions to England, where they appeared in different periodicals.

What a plain tale! exclaims the critic. Well, I have heard it said that a good moral will redeem the dullness of a tale, barren in style and in incident; and, fearing that this may have been without sufficient interest, I have endeavored to redeem the dullness of it, by making it have three morals:—Firstly, Let not married men, who have wives living, take the trouble of trying sweethearts on Halloween. Secondly, Let Royal Professors be examined, before they are engaged. Thirdly, Let aunts, who are anxious to marry their nieces to foreigners, first learn whether they have not wives already.

Baltimore, Md.

Klums of News.

The National Gazette says, in reference to the nomination of Harrison and Webster—"It is presumed that Gen. Harrison and Mr. Webster, will accept of the nominations of President and Vice-President, tendered to them respectively by the Convention." The New York Commercial says—we are authorized to say, the Gazette is error. Mr. Webster will not, by his own act, change his position until the National Whig Convention makes its selection. With the decision of that body we shall most cheerfully abide, whether it be for Webster, Clay, or Harrison.

THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO CANAL.—The National Intelligencer of November 28, says:—We regret to learn that a branch has taken place in the embankment of the Canal near the Great Falls of Potomac. On Saturday night one of the walls, near forty feet high, on the margin of the river, gave way, and a gondola passing near the spot at the time was carried through the breach. The persons engaged in navigating the gondola escaped unhurt.

This accident will suspend the use of the Canal for a short time. The Board, however, had given notice that the Canal would be closed on the 15th of December, for the purpose of making repairs.

MILITARY.—The Detroit Daily Advertiser of November 16th, says:—"From present appearances it would seem that the United States Government are about to take measures to maintain our neutrality with Great Britain, and to prevent the recurrence of disturbances on our frontier the coming winter. We learn that Major Paine is entrusted with the command of the detachment of troops quartered in this vicinity, and large accessions are being daily made to the military stores at Dearbornville. No less than ten thousand muskets have been sent to Dearbornville within the last two days, which, in addition to those already there, will make over fifteen thousand stand of arms in the arsenal. We learn that it is the determination of the officers of the army to adopt energetic measures to ensure peace and quietness on our borders, and to maintain our neutral relations with Great Britain this winter."

The barn of Mrs. Mary Bell, (widow of Francis Bell,) on the Long Glade, in Augusta county, was consumed by fire on the night of the 16th inst., with its contents, including all her grain, &c. Three horses perished in the flames. The origin of the fire is not known.—Rock. Reg.

If the steam ship Great Western reaches England at the appointed time on her return voyage, she will have traversed 40,000 miles of water in nine months.